

Day 15 Sun by mampysou

Series: [Harringrove April \[7\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Established Relationship, Fluff and Angst, M/M, Neil Hargrove Being an Asshole, Neil Hargrove's A+ Parenting

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Neil Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2021-04-15

Updated: 2021-04-15

Packaged: 2022-04-01 01:29:05

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,202

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Early morning fluff and angst.

Day 15 Sun

It was a beautiful morning. Steve was cosy in his bed, with warm, strong arms wrapped around him. It felt like heaven.

The sun poured through a gap in the old curtains falling in Billy's sleeping face. He looked so peaceful like this. The sun made his hair glow and his freckles jump out of his face. Steve loved nothing more than to brush his thumb across those freckles and snatch his hand away, chuckling, before Billy slapped his hand away, then always pulled him in for a kiss.

So he does as he always does. He swiped his thumb across his left cheek. Billy was pretty asleep so Steve was so disappointed to have to do it again.

On the third passage of his thumb, Billy stirred. Dusty blonde lashes fluttered as his ocean lie eyes opened to stare at him. It was beautiful and perfect. Billy predictably swatted his hand then hauled Steve in for a passionate kiss. They smiled into their kiss, just relishing the feeling of each other for a while, this wasn't something they got to do.

Steve usually snuck in and out of Billy's room through the rickety window pane that they had now mastered to silent perfection. It took time though. It wasn't something that could be done quickly. The screen was delicate and flimsy and needed both of them each side of the window to place it back without damaging it.

He sighed as Billy pulled away and looked around the room. Billy's side box was covered in his usual expensive cologne and hair stuff.

They both seemed to realise the problem at the same time.

“Billy?” Steve whispered, trying to be calmer than he felt. “What time is it?”

Billy spun and scrambled around on the side looking for Steve’s watch. His tan face lost all colour and his eyes wide with fear as their gazes met.

They could hear movement now outside the room. Heavy footfalls were coming in their direction. Billy shot out of bed, grabbing Steve’s hand as he did, pushing him towards the window. Billy’s father’s voice rang down the hall as they reached it.

“You better be up, *son*.” Bellowed down the hall.

“Shit,” Billy cursed; they both knew there was not time for the window right now. Billy headed for his sliding door closet and Steve cursed.

“Shh!” Billy hissed, wrenching open the door. “I am so sorry.” He whispered as head shoved him inside. Steve smacked his head off the top shelf, as Billy pulled out some clothes then pulled the shirts and jeans across to cover him as much as possible. As the door shut in front of his face, Steve heard Billy’s bedroom door open.

“Why isn’t coffee on, *son*?” a gruff voice asked him.

“I’m sorry sir. I seemed to have over slept.” Billy sounded like a ghost of himself. He didn’t sound like the person Steve knew, the man Steve was falling for. It made him seethe beneath his skin. The urge to charge out from his hiding place and teach this man a lesson nearly shattered his resolve.

But Steve stayed put. He listened to the rest of the stilted conversation and the abrupt departure of both men.

He strained to hear more but dared not to slip out of the cupboard

and make his escape. He couldn't replace the screen single handedly and if Billy's father returned to the room before Billy and noticed it undone, Billy would be in for a world of trouble.

So, he waited. He shuffled quietly around, searching through the records on the top shelf. He smiled as one caught his eye, he reached out and pulled it free, as quietly as he could.

Nat King Cole smiled up at him. His brown eyes crinkled at the corners slightly, his eyebrows telling a story Steve thought no one could ever hear. It wasn't unforgettable that Steve held in his hand, but a single that was a cover too. Steve had heard countless versions already including one from The Beach Boys, but Steve knew this one would be brilliant. He held it tightly as he waited to be freed from the closet.

A while later Steve, who was at this point curled up in the corner, heard footsteps, too heavy and not at all rushed to be Billy, stop outside the door. He held his breath as the door opened. He heard the feet come in and snap on the light. He could see his shadow now, blocking the overhead light from peaking under the door. He saw them turn towards him and Steve got ready.

He would fight to protect himself if he needed to. Before they ventured any closer however, he heard Max's voice from just outside.

"Billy's in the kitchen Neil, you know if you're looking for him?" it was posed as a question but Steve could hear the stinging accusation in the young red heads voice.

"Thank you, Max," the man said sweetly, the difference in how he

spoke to his children made Steve feel sick. "I was just checking if he had finished, should've checked in there first. You're right pumpkin." Steve could almost see the eye roll through the door, he cracked a smile and thanked Max silently, vowing to buy her what ever she wanted from the diner next time they went.

The feet left and the door shut, thankfully not returning before he heard the familiar sound of Billy saying goodbye to his father, and then hurried steps flying down the hall towards him.

The door didn't open straight away, there was a long pause and feet rushed away from the door again.

"You forget something sir?" Billy asked sounding like he hadn't moved from the kitchen. Steve's heart was racing in anticipation, hoping that Billy's acting was up to scratch. Clearly it had held on this long, Steve prayed it would last a little longer.

There was a gruff reply and the door shut again. This time the steps were deliberate and confident and the door to the room swung open with a swish across the floor boards. Billy's booted feet stopped just outside as he slid the door open and he shakily smiled down at Steve.

"Jesus, that is about the most stressful morning I have ever fucking had, Steve." He sighed as he helped him out of the closet. The irony was not lost on Steve. "You okay? I heard his truck pull off this time."

"Yeah, all good Billy. Got a bit of cramp but will survive." He dropped his head on to Billy's shoulder. "Pretty sure we owe Max big time though."

Billy made an inquiring noise and Steve explained.

"She always a clever little shit" the blonde stated when he had finished. "Better get you dressed and sorted for work." He told him running his hand through Steve's hair as he did.

“Can we listen to this as we do?” Steve said, holding up the copy of You Are My Sunshine he had found earlier.

Billy rolled his eyes his blonde curls catching the sun through the window again, lighting up his whole face.

“I can never say no to you Stevie.”